

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Stressed Out"

*[Intro/Chorus: Faith Evans]*

I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out  
When you're face to face with your adversity  
I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out  
We're gonna make this thing work out eventually

*[Verse One: Consequence, Q-Tip]*

Yo I ain't one to complain but there's things in the game  
(What's your name?) Consequence, I'm tight, burnt like flames  
(And why's that?) American dreams, they got this ghetto kid in a fiend

Don't stress that cause it's not in your bloodstream  
Your whole being, comes from greatness, d'you remember  
Shatan got you caught in the storms of December  
And brothers on the block packin nines like September  
Crazy situations keeps pockets on slender

Yo I be on the avenue where they be actin brand new  
I'm splurgin on these Reebok joints for shorty boo

All of a sudden, I saw these two kids frontin  
Talkin out they joints but they wasn't sayin nuttin  
My hand was on my toolie they was actin unruly  
(Say word) Yo word up, yo I was tight caught up  
But I swallowed my pride and let that nonsense ride  
Because I'm positive it seems that negative dies

Yo we was at the dice game makin these cats look silly  
Flamin, steady runnin off at the Willie

I had my cash mixed, my rent due, with my play-dough  
I gotta see some loot so all my girls I blow  
Shook them shits in my palm let em hit the flo'  
Kept my eyeballs scopin for them pigs po-po  
I got to go on the ave see my parole by fo'  
But I gotta steady freak these boys like JoJo

And I was doin it, til I met Ike, Spike, and Mike  
One roll, they had my pockets thirstier than Sprite

Yo I know the feelin, when you feelin like a villain  
You be havin good thoughts but the evils be revealin  
and the stresses of life can take you off the right path (no doubt)  
Jealousy and envy tends to infiltrate your staff  
We gotta hold it down so we can move on past

all adversities, so we can get through fast, like that

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Two: Consequence]*

You got the N.W.O. (low cash flow)  
Your baby's on the way (and you don't know who)  
And crosstown niggaz tryin to (bust at you)  
Aiyyo they got me stressed out (and you don't know what to do)  
So frame this Kodak black, and vision to my contact  
with a poultry scrap, workers get pistol smacked  
The switch hittin Queens, niggaz liquid sword spittin  
with raw poppy, and now your first love is krill  
Your vision of the mil got crept like Hey Lover  
Tried to rise to the top, you just couldn't recover  
And all I want is my laceration of the pie  
to get this whip cream before the water runs dry  
Niggaz flashdancin yo I don't know why  
You're sick of snitchin, she got you cruisin to the pokey  
like Smokey, the stress be tryin to squeeze out a homey  
While I be tryin to get star status like Shinobi  
So we can build a dynasty, just like the Toby's  
And all I want, is the world to know my steez  
These money hungry niggaz is seven thirty  
And got me stressed out like these frog MC's

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro: Faith Evans]*

Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)  
Don't worry we gon make it (oh yeah)  
Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)  
We gon make it (gotta make it)  
Don't worry we gon make it (gotta make it)  
We're gonna make it (we gotta make it)  
Don't worry we gon make it (we gonna make it)  
We gonna make it (ohhhhhhh)  
Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhhh)  
Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)  
Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhhh)  
We gon make it (ahaowhwwww)  
Don't worry we gon make it (ahahwwww)  
I know we gonna make it (we're gonna make it)  
C'mon baby we gon make it (yeahhhh)  
We gon make it (yeahhahhahhhh)  
Don't worry we gon make it (we're gonna make it)  
We've gotta make it (we've gotta make it)  
We've gotta make it (oh yeah)  
Know we're gonna make it  
We're gonna make it, gonna make it, we gotta make it, know we gonna make it...

